

THE MOUNTAINEER.

NO. 19.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1861.

VOL. II.

THE MOUNTAINEER

EVERY SATURDAY.
OFFICE—North West Room of COUNCIL HOUSE, in the Basement Story.
JAMES FERGUSON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS: \$6 per Annum in Advance.

ADVERTISING.
(Ten Lines, or less, constitute One Square.)
One Square, each Insertion \$1 00
Every additional Square 10 00
Every additional Square 5 00
Arrangements must be made for the payment of all Advertisements previous to insertion.

Original Poetry.

PROPHETIC DOOM.

Who is he, that great little man, erect
Above the crowd, whose voice electrifies
The noisy, senseless mass? See how they stare
In breathless ecstasy, to give applause
At each turned period of his wild harangue!
Hear how he shrieks and moans in mimicry—
The broken bonds of able wedded life—
The qualling passions from its mother torn—
The rope—the thong—the bleeding wounds—
The chains—
That Legree fastens on his weeping slaves
And, he, pleads in stirring strains the wrongs
And woes of slavery. The black depot,
Where wounds are dressed, and trim attire
put on
For market, and the heartless human sale,
And separation of the darky throng.
Thus point by point he fuses the thoughtless
mind.
Till phrensy grasps the phantom of his ire:
The spectral image of his rhetoric
They rise, as the dark troubled ocean heaves,
And with uplifted hands to leave him, they shout,
"Harris for D—, and for L berry!"
Roused by his wild-made speech of glee, he
laughs
At the perverted use of eloquence.
For other ends designed, to raise himself
To fortune, fame, and sovereignty.
"Lift now his subject a changed, in holy
twang
He looks to where the world sun declines,
Far o'er the Rocky Mountains in the West,
Where Mormonism defies the strength of States
To war against her crime, and makes the sun
When near her setting, blacken crimson shame,
To bear the sequel of his glaring deeds.
If tropes and figures could inflame
Hear him, O ye Gods of manna to worship!
How he declaims against fair Deeds,
For incest, murder, and polygamy.
See how he weeps or fallen virtue doth,
And cries aloud for vengeance from the
heavens
To be avenged, on the defiled race,
And like another Shylock, Vampire, he
Demands with savage cry, his pound of flesh!
Yes, yes; extermination, fire and sword,
Must end this conflict, with this sacrifice,
As an atonement, for their lustful deeds."
So spoke this little, mighty, selfish man:
While the vain glitt, false fold multitude
Raved a-gale, and sought to raise him up
With brawny hope, to be their future "Chief."
His voice the Prophet warned him not to raise
His voice against the Saints; or, if he did,
He never would attain the envied seat
His craven soul ambitiously desired.
But pride, prosperity, and worldly fame,
Confirmed the prophecy, in his estate—
A matter of distant, and so fell,
From the dread plume of empty fame,
Like the shot-meteor gas above our heads,
By its own element, expunged, blazed forth,
And for a moment seemed, a star of heav'n—
Lo.

Selections.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

In a large town situated in the county of Norfolk, England, there resided a middle-aged maiden lady, with whom I was intimately acquainted. She was exceedingly plain in her person, and of very eccentric manners, although kind-hearted and benevolent to a fault. It was often a source of wonder to me how she managed to keep up so respectable an appearance with her narrow income. She rented a small cottage, which was neatly but scarcely furnished; kept no servant, and lived as frugally as possible. She was always cheerful and happy, and ever ready and willing to fly to the aid of the wretched and distressed; and what she could and did save out of her very limited income, was freely given to those who required it. Many a bitter cold night have I known her to leave her bed to encounter disease in the hovels of the poor, and she would return wet and shivering to her own desolate home, with the bright smile of benevolence on her lips and blessings to God on her tongue, that He had been pleased to give her health and strength to administer to the wants of others. Her time was spent in doing good; she seemed proof against all change of climate; often have I seen her coming from the cottages of the sick and miserable in such weather as would make even the yard dog welcome to a seat on the kitchen hearth.

I was taking tea with her one evening, when a letter from a lawyer was brought by the postman, requesting her to meet him at his office in the city of Norwich on the following day, and enclosing a five-pound note for her expenses. We, of course, talked over and wondered what this could possibly portend; and she laughed heartily when I suggested that she must have fallen heir to some large property, and said that "she had not a relation the world who was not as poor, if not poorer, than herself." However, the next morning she hired a conveyance and started on her journey, quite an event in her uneventful life. She was absent two days, and then returned with the welcome tidings that an old uncle, whom she scarcely recollected, and who had gone to India when she was quite a child, had there died, and left her, as the only child of a favorite son, the magnificent income of £12,000 per annum. The calm manner in which Miss Thorne told me this, certainly puzzled me, for such a sudden step from poverty to wealth was sufficient to have overwhelmed a much stronger minded person.

Of course the news soon spread through the town and surrounding neighborhood, and the poor, friendless old maid rose £12,000 in the estimation of her wealthy neighbors; she must now, as a matter of course, be taken under their august patronage; they could afford now to overlook all her eccentricities. It was astonishing to see with what rapidity friends and acquaintances rose up, now that she needed neither notice nor assistance.

The first thing effected by Miss Thorne was the purchase of a pretty and comfortable house, about a mile out of town, which she had furnished with every convenience; hired a respectable man and his wife, with their eldest daughter as housemaid, to live with her; bought a neat little carriage and two ponies; and settled down quietly to the enjoyment of the bright change in her life. She was, of course, besieged with callers, whose advances she met with politeness, and her congratulations, with kindness. After a short period had elapsed, each lady received a card left by Miss Thorne's footman, on which was printed, in gold letters, "£12,000 a year." Every one was at a loss to know what this could possibly mean, and various were the conjectures and consultations upon the subject. At last, one lady, bolder in her curiosity than the rest, undertook to solve the mystery by calling on Miss Thorne and requesting an explanation. Miss Thorne's answer was so characteristic of herself, that I give it in her exact words:

"Madam, I have now resided in this town for a period of fifteen years; during that time, I have been a constant stranger. I have been several times prostrated by very severe sickness, and yet no lady thought me worthy of coming under my roof. I have frequently suffered both from cold and hunger, but I received from those ladies neither help nor sympathy. In the house of God I might have stood the whole service, ere your friends would have offered me a seat in their pews. How is it, then, that my recent inheritance has so changed me? I am not aware of it myself; I am still the plain old maid; and surely if, during fifteen years, my conduct has been such as not to merit the notice now offered me, I cannot see how a fortune, unexpectedly possessed, can have so suddenly rendered me a fit object for your patronage. I therefore came to the conclusion that it was on my £12,000 a year you all called, and not on me; my wealth returned your call, and here the unsought, unwished-for acquaintance must drop, for it is not in pampering the rich and the great that my wealth will be used, but in teaching the ignorant, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the widow and fatherless child. In the hovels of the poor and wretched, at the bedside of the sick and dying—there's my place for the remainder of my existence; and I bless my God that He has seen fit to make me the stewardess of such wealth, and I humbly pray, that I may not, at His judgment seat, have to answer for one misspent pound. I have known what it is to eat the bitter bread of poverty too long not to wish to relieve it; and my future life be spent in unceasing gratitude to the Giver of all good, which can only be done by dispensing with a liberal hand His bounteous gift to me."

And nobly did Miss Thorne keep her word. Many families are living in England this day, who were snatched from utter ruin, and owe their past and present prosperity to Miss Thorne's fortunate inheritance of £12,000 per annum.—*Cor. London Pictorial.*

THE UNITED STATES CREDIT BREAKING DOWN.

Under the above caption, the N. Y. Herald of Dec. 29th presents the following national-poverty-stricken picture:—"Mr. Cobb left the federal Treasury in a terrible condition about a month ago. No provision had been made for the payment of the January interest on the public debt, and Congress immediately authorized the issue of five millions of dollars in Treasury notes. A very short time ago the bankers would have taken this loan very gladly; but up to Thursday afternoon less than one-tenth part of the sum required was offered. The Sub-Treasurer of the United States finally succeeded in inducing some of the bankers to make up the sum of a million and a half at twelve per cent per annum. The spectacle of a great power like the United States "shining" for money in Wall street, after the manner of a small trader shivering upon the verge of bankruptcy, is certainly a most humiliating one, and it affords the strongest proof of the sad condition to

which the country has been reduced by the petty politicians of the day, who, in their mad struggle for the federal spoils, have paralyzed the government, brought us to the brink of civil war, and ruined the national credit at home and abroad.

The action of the bankers upon the matter of the federal loan is in strong contrast to their reception of the recent calls of the city and State for pecuniary supplies. Both the city and State loans were eagerly sought for at a premium upon the city rates, six per cent, and the State, seven per cent. The State and city property is pledged for the payment of the public debt; but the federal government, if the doctrine of secession is to be maintained for a moment, is unable to offer any such security. The seceding States would refuse to acknowledge any pledge of the public lands, and the government creditors are therefore asked to take the risk of the repudiation of the bonds before they have time to mature. Individual States would fare no better. The rich State of Ohio had an agent in Wall street, begging for money a short time ago, and he was compelled to go home with empty pockets. South Carolina, the state which has lately gone into the expensive luxury of independent sovereignty, could not borrow a dollar to-day at any rate of interest, and the credit of a Southern confederacy would not be much, if any, better than that of the Palmetto State. These warnings should not be neglected. In all governments, despotic or liberal, the bankers and custodians of the private funds are the most sensitive indicators of the real state of public and private affairs. When they desert the government, or place it upon the level of ordinary borrowers, it is time for people to think seriously of the state of public affairs. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that this government is to be pulled down by a few miserable party politicians, and hope for a grand reunion of all the conservative elements to save the Union and restore peace and harmony to the land. The responsibility rests with the republicans and the President elect. The question is, what will they do with it?

THE ADVERTISING ROOMS OF THE LONDON "TIMES."

The London correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune writes thus of the advertising rooms of the Times:—"Turn to the counter; there is wide space beyond, and many clerks, writing, always writing. Four favored or honored ones—we know not how to deem it—sit on thrones behind the counter, to take the tribute of the advertising applicants; from these four we may choose our oracle and judge, but it matters little whom we take. How silent is the room; scarce any sound, but the clink of money and the low uttered fiat of these throned arbiters of advertisers' fates. Of to avail remembrance here; the advertisement has hardly reached their hands—scarcely has time enough elapsed to skim it over before the quiet clasped of their judgment; if one should venture to remonstrate at the charge, his lines are given back, and the next corner served; no words—they have no time for words; the first decision is the final one; we mean, of course, in the busier portion of the day—from eleven till two.

And how "use doth breed a habit in a man," these peremptory officers of the Times rarely or never err; seldom will the printed lines fail to bear out their charge; their practiced eye fathoms the mysteries of every conceivable chirography, and like seers of the mighty realm, a field of the type rushes black on their sight, soon as their wild orb rests upon their reward.

And how the piles of advertisements grow by their side. As they take them they give a printed acknowledgment to the advertiser, and he then beholds his composition, impaled with others which have preceded, upon a wire. As we look at the business of this office, we wonder where it is to end. Already, in the London season, when the towns fall, the Times issues, not infrequently, ten pages of closely printed advertisements, of six columns each, and each column a long one. Yet there are always enough on hand for several days to come; an advertiser cannot expect to see his lines in print for three days, and sometimes a week from the period that he gives it in. We ask ourselves why people will consent to wait so long; why punier still this overgrown favorite of fortune, paying duties to the Government, as it does, for advertisements and stamps and paper, alone amounting to \$500,000 annually, besides giving a livelihood to so many, many families?

POWER.

In every company, there is not only the active and passive sex, but in both men and women, a deeper and more important sex of mind, namely, the inventive or creative class of both men and women, and the uninventive or accepting class. Each plus man represents his set, and, if he have the accidental advantage of personal ascendancy—which implies neither more nor less of talent, but merely the temperamental or taming eye of a soldier or a schoolmaster (which one has, and one has not, as one has black moustache and one a blond), then quite easily and without envy or resistance, all his coadjutors and followers will admit his right to absorb them. The merchant works by book-keeper and cashier; the lawyer's authorities are hushed up by clerk; the geologist reports the surveys of his subalterns; Commander Wilkes appropriates

the results of the naturalists attached to the expedition; Thackeray's statue is finished by stone cutters; Dumas has journeymen; and Shakespeare was theatre manager, and used the labor of many young men, as well as the playbooks.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and filled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates, as fast as the sun breeds clouds.

Success goes thus invariably with a certain plus or positive power: an ounce of power must balance an ounce of weight. And, though a man cannot return into his mother's womb, and be born with new amounts of vivacity, yet there are two economies, which are the best succedanea which the case admits. The first is, the stopping off decisively our miscellaneous activity, and concentrating our force on one or a few points; as the gardener, by severe pruning, forces the sap of the tree into one or two vigorous limbs instead of suffering it to spinddle into a sheaf of twigs.

"Enlarge not thy destiny," said the oracle: "endeavour not to do more than is given thee in charge." The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine; property and its cares, friends, and a social habit, or politics, or music, or feasting. Everything is good which takes away one plaything and delusion more, and drives us home to add one stroke of faithful work. Friends, books, pictures, lower duties, talents, batteries, hopes—all are distractions, which cause oscillations in our giddy balloon, and make a good poise and a straight course impossible. You must elect your work; you shall take what your head can, and drop all the rest. Only so, can that amount of vital forces accumulate, which can make the step from knowing to doing. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

CHINA AND THE EAST.

The details of the entry of the Allied army into Peking, and of the flight of the Emperor and his thirteen wives, and the sack of his palace, read more like a pageant or fable conjured by Oriental imagination than a simple record of actual occurrences. In other times the tale would have burst upon the wandering world with more dramatic enchantment, and marvelous effect than has ever produced by Pizarro's brilliant but bloody conquest of Peru, or the only less daring deeds and grand achievements of Cortes in Mexico. But the world is strangely altered now, and this great and unparalleled event in the Flowery Land has had its lustre dimmed by the simultaneous revolutions going forward in Italy and our own country.

In any other Eastern country, India especially, the flight of the Emperor and the surrender of his capital would have resulted in the immediate overthrow of his dynasty; but the latest intelligence from China, subsequent to the occupation of Peking by the allies, informs us that a peace had been concluded with the Emperor, who had returned to his palace, or rather the wreck of it, for but little was left unbroken and unspilled by the rule and eager hand of the victorious troops. Even the magnificent mirrors and other costly ornaments were wondrously destroyed by the French in revenge for previous insults. The spoils appear to have been large; but as these became the private perquisite of the army, British and French taxpayers are not likely to rejoice much over their capture.

The restoration of the Emperor and the speedy peace seem to have taken Europe agreeably by surprise. It was anticipated that his flight would be the signal for the Tae-Ping chief to usurp supreme authority over all China; but although these anticipations have been unrealized, there is no doubt that the humiliation and loss of prestige inflicted upon the present Emperor will give a moral power to the insurgents, and contribute more to their ultimate and speedy success than any other event that has ever occurred. Whatever tends to weaken the existing dynasty necessarily tends to strengthen its rival; and the Tae-Ping rebels will eventually be successful in becoming the ruling power of the empire is inevitable.

For thirty centuries China remained a sealed book to the rest of the world. It was only ten years ago, during the British-Chinese war, that the ice of their exclusiveness was broken. The weakness of the dynasty was then exposed, and the spirit of rebellion, which had been long fermenting in the empire, was openly expressed, and took the definite form which it now wears. The Tae-Pings have already possession of both banks of the Great River and the city of Nankin, which is presided over by a so-called king of their own, and every year they are gaining in numbers and in power.

In the beginning, according to Biblical and other tradition, the march of civilization was from east to west, and gradually the Western races of mankind were nearly destroyed by the Eastern tide; the Roman empire arose and checked it. Then again, when it was subdued, westward once more the nations of the West were steadily advancing to overwhelm the nation of the East. The ambition of Russia has been diverted from Europe to Asia; and although the means she is employing vary from those adopted by the British and French, they nevertheless are directed to the same results, and the interests of all Western Powers are identical. Russia, if we mistake not, looks with a favorable eye upon the progress of the Tae-Ping rebellion, the seeds of which were doubtless sown by the Christian missionaries in those parts; for they have ever proved themselves at once the cause and instruments of revolution wherever they have gone. The spurious Christianity professed by these insurgents, affords further proof of the source whence their religion emanated.

It cannot be doubted that the effect of the recent victory of the allies at Peking will be to convince more strongly than ever the entire Eastern nations of the superiority, in both moral and material strength, of the Western Powers. This will promote the end of peace more effectually than anything else. Our own interests, although we have been neutral spectators of the exciting events in China, are equally involved in the results of the struggle between the allies and the Orientals. Our relations with Japan are likely to become very intimate, and the lessons taught the Chinese will not be lost upon their neighbors of the Land of the Rising Sun. That the war is over must be a vast relief to those engaged in it, and especially to the British, who have had to pay the piper to the extent of a few millions more than in any former Chinese war.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE POLICY OF GEORGIA.

This State of Georgia occupies a peculiar relation to her Southern sisters—peculiar in her moral, physical and geographical positions. Her statesmen are regarded among the leading men of the country; her material power and advancement are the admiration of the world; her location, in the midst of the slave-holding States, and at the great coast angle between the free States and the South, with the leading Southern Atlantic outlet for the produce of the interior, all give significance to her opinions and power to her action. She has now the fate of the American confederacy in her hands, and it is for her to say whether this government can be honorably and rightfully maintained or not. We hope she has the intelligence, statesmanship and moral power necessary for the work before her.

What, then, will Georgia do? This is the question re-echoed from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande, and the Union hangs with breathless anxiety for the answer. We may not be able to give it, but we will at least try, with the lights before us. And in the outset let us note an important distinction. Georgia has no pledges to fulfill, no threats to execute, no mere point of honor to maintain. She stands free and untrammelled to act according to her own best judgment, directed solely by her obligations to truth, to her brethren of the South and of the Union, and to herself. Thus unembarrassed, her counsel and example should command a respectful consideration.

We have before us the proceedings of some one hundred counties in Georgia, in some instances two meetings to the county, and without referring to the various shades of difference with regard to details, we may speak with some degree of confidence of the aggregate result. Our first conclusion is that there is no spirit of submission in Georgia to the insurrection of black republican principles over this State as a member of the confederacy—that no more compromises are to be made with the anti-slavery sentiment of the North. He who thinks differently will find that he has made a fatal mistake. Divided as we may be on minor points, there is no division on this.

Our second conclusion is, that Georgia, whatever she may do will act from a cause. She believes that present causes continuing when she shall come to make up her judgment, honor, duty, patriotism, all require that she shall separate her people from a government avowedly hostile to them and their institutions. On the other hand, should these causes be removed, the same high considerations will impel her to uphold the government when she can do it with honor and safety to herself.

Our third conclusion is, that should Georgia determine that her duty and interest lead her to abandon the Union, she will do it with firmness, dignity and deliberate regard for the interests of her people. She will not hurry out pauper-stricken and in confusion, like inhabitants from a burning city, leaving everything to perish in the ruin, but will have a cure for the welfare of those who have committed their all to her hands. Wisdom and statesmanship will be combined with her valor, and regarded as equally sacred. The interests of her people are now protected by the combined instrumentality of two governments—State and federal; neither acts in the place of the other, and either withdrawn, those interests will be abandoned to wither and die. She will consent to remove the protection of neither until she shall have first organized a substitute to take its place. This she will be bound to do by the highest obligations that can subsist between a people and their government. She has not the heart to annihilate her commerce, to prostrate all her industrial interests, destroy her property, and impoverish her sons and daughters, without some powerful public exigency, admitting of no postponement or denial, to justify the sacrifice. To act differently would be a folly, it not a crime, and especially when political separation and a due regard for those interests are perfectly compatible, when both are armed with due circumspection and statesmanship.

This is our opinion of the probable course of Georgia in the pending crisis. We derive it from overwhelming expressions of her public sentiment, from the calm intelligence of her people, from her history throughout the past, from reason and from common sense.—*Republican, Dec. 25.*

THE PACK OF CARDS.

A NOBLEMAN in London, who kept a great number of servants, reposed considerable confidence in one of them, which excited a jealousy in the others, who, in order to prejudice their master against him, accused him of being a notorious gambler. Jack was called upon and closely interrogated; but he denied the fact, and at the same time declared that he never played a card in his life. To be more fully convinced, the gentleman ordered him to be searched, when, behold, a pack of cards was found in his pocket. Highly incensed at Jack's want of veracity, the nobleman demanded, in a rage, how he dared to persist in an untruth.

"My lord," replied Jack, "I certainly do not know the meaning of a card; the bundle in my pocket is my almanac."

"Your almanac; indeed, then I desire that you will prove it."

"Well, sir, I will begin! There are four suits in the pack—that intimates that the quarters in the year; as there are thirteen cards in each of the four suits, so there are thirteen weeks in a quarter; there are also the same number of lunations; the twelve signs of the zodiac, through which the sun steers his diurnal course in one year; there are fifty-two cards in a pack, that directly answers for the number of weeks in a year; examine them more minutely and you will find three hundred and sixty-five spots, as many as there are days in the year; these multiply by twenty-four and sixty and you have the exact number of hours and minutes in a year! Thus, sir, I hope I have convinced you it is my almanac; and by your lordship's permission, I will prove it is my prayer book also.

"I look upon the four suits as representing the four prevailing religions—Christianity, Judaism, Mahomedanism, and Paganism; the twelve cards remind me of the twelve patriarchs, from whom sprang the twelve apostles, the twelve articles of Christian faith. The King reminds me of the allegiance due to His Majesty, The Queen, of the same to Her Majesty. The ten brings to my recollection the ten cities in the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed by fire and brimstone from heaven; the ten plagues of Egypt; the ten commandments; the ten tribes cut off for their vice. The nine reminds me of the nine muses; the nine noble orders among men. The eight reminds me of the eight beatitudes; the eight persons saved in Noah's Ark; the eight persons mentioned in Scripture to be released from death to life. The seven reminds me of the seven administering spirits that stand before the throne of God; the seven seals wherewith the Book of Life is sealed; the seven liberal arts and sciences given by God for the instruction of man; the seven wonders of the world. The six reminds me of the six positions of the Lords Prayer. The five reminds me of the ages given by God to man—hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting, and smelling. The four puts me in mind of the four evangelists; the four seasons of the year. The three reminds me of the Trinity; the hours our Saviour was on the cross; the three days he lay interred. The two reminds me of the two Testaments; the two contrary principles struggling in man—virtue and vice. The ace reminds me of the only true God to adore, worship, and serve; one truth to practice, and one good matter to serve and obey."

"So far, is very well," said the noble man, but I believe you have omitted one card—the knave!"

"True my lord—the knave reminds me of your lordship's informer!"

The nobleman became more pleased with Jack than before, freely forgave him, raised his wages, and discharged the informer.

CURIOUS STATISTICS.

A SERIES of articles, on statistics, which originally appeared in the *Quarterly Review* have recently been republished. In one chapter, entitled "The London Commissariat," the author shows how that great city is fed. We reprint a few of his marvellous, but truthful, statements:—"Take the article of fish for instance. In the proper season one hundred tons of herrings are sent from Yarmouth every day to London by railroad, making twelve thousand tons yearly. Four thousand tons of mackerel and other fish are sent annually to Billingsgate by railroad from the south coast of England. The South-Western railway sends up annually four thousand tons of mackerel and other fish, the gatherings of the south coast. The North-Western collects over night the 'catch' from Ireland, Scotland and the northeast coast of England, three thousand five hundred and seventy-eight tons, principally of salmon; while the Great Northern delivers three thousand two hundred and seventy-eight tons of like sea produce. The Great Western takes up the harvest of Cornish and Devonshire coasts, chiefly mackerel and pichards, to the amount of one thousand five hundred and sixty tons a year; and the Brighton and South Coast railway conveys fifteen thousand bushels of oysters, besides four thousand tons of other fish. Snails and eels are brought in Dutch boats. Dutch eels, Dr. Wyater says, 'constitute much of the soup which people, too hungry to be critical, mistake for cod-tail or calves-head.' Thirty thousand lobsters are received in London every night during the season.

"To provide all the cockneys with a cut at a joint, a million and a half of sheep, more than a quarter of a million of oxen, and calves and pigs in proportion, are sold in Smithfield during the year, and slaughtered in London, and about thirty-eight thousand tons of country killed meat are brought up in addition, by railroad, to the metropolis. The quantities of game and wild birds which there find a market are equally surprising. After a few successful battues in the Highlands, it is not at all unusual for one London firm to receive five thousand head of game, and as many as twenty thousand to thirty thousand larks are often sent up to the market together. Ostrich eggs annually six hundred thousand rabbits. Ireland sends large flocks of plovers, and quails are brought from Egypt and the South of Europe.

"Some seventeen thousand quails on one occasion descended upon London via Liverpool, whither they had been brought from the Roman Campagna. Of the two million fowls that every year flank the boiled tongues on the tables of residents of London, by far the greater number are drawn from the counties of Surrey and Sussex. Ireland also sends much poultry. No less than fourteen hundred tons of chickens, geese and ducks are taken to London annually by the Great Western railway.

"In washing these edibles down their throats the Londoners consume, in addition to wine, nearly a thousand million tumblers of ale and porter. How much water is used for the like purpose, Dr. Wyater does not inform us."

TRAVELING IN THE UNITED STATES ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

This ancient advertisement, of which we here give a literal copy, is deserving of preservation on account of the quaintness of the inn signs, the peculiarity of the spelling and diction, the "shifting" of the passengers which it announces, and the general idea it gives us of the way in which traveling was performed in America at the time in which it was issued:

"Philadelphia Stage-Wagon, and New York Stage-Boat perform their Stages twice a week.

"JOHN BERTON, with his wagon, sets out on Mondays from his House, at the sign of the Death of the Fox, in Strawberry Alley, and drives the same day to Trenton Ferry, where Francis Holman meets him and proceeds on Tuesday to Newmarket, and the passengers and goods being shifted into the wagon of Isaac Fitzrandolph, he takes them to New Blining Star to Jacob Fitzrandolph's the same day, where Reuben Fitzrandolph, with a boat well suited, will receive them and take them to New York that night. John Butler returning to Philadelphia on Tuesday with the passengers and goods delivered to him by Francis Holman, will again set out for Trenton Ferry on Thursday, and Francis Holman, &c., will carry his passengers and goods, with the same expedition as above to New York. March 8, 1759.—*Weekly Mercury.*

MEDICAL FEES.

The London Medical Times and Gazette, in an article on doctors, alludes to Radcliffe taking more than 20 guineas a day at the end of his first year in town; getting 500 guineas for curing Lord Portland of diarrhoea, 1,000 guineas from Queen Mary for attending the infant Duke of Gloucester in an attack of convulsions, and 1,600 guineas for going to see Lord Albemarle at Namur; and calculating the difference in the value of money then and now, the banker's book must have been a very pleasant one at the year's end; and one can understand how Oxford has profited by the Radcliffe Library, Infirmary, Observatory, and Travelling Establishments.

Our medical authority goes on to say that "the *ancæthes donandi*" is not a besetting vice of this age. Patients now manifest unfeeling powers in other ways, although some high-minded men are obliged to resist, like Mr. Jefferson's friend, who said, "I wonder at my moderation." Those who wish to be paid fairly are often obliged to act up to the motto "*Accipe donum*,"—take your fee while your patient is in pain.

As curiosities in the fee way, we may record that of Henry Atkyn, who received £6,000 from James I. for going to Scotland to attend on Charles I. when an infant; Louis XIV. who gave his physician and surgeon 75,000 crowns each for one operation; Dr. Dimsdale, who was once member for Hertford, who got £12,000 and £500 a year for his going to Russia to inoculate Catherine, besides the rank of Baron of the Empire. The Austrian Emperor Joseph made his physician, Quarin, a baron, and gave him a pension of 2,000 a-year.

PROVERBS AND OLD SAYINGS.

Out of debt, out of danger.
Passion is a fever that leaves us weaker than it finds us.
Pay as you go.
Poverty makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows.
Temperance is the best physic.
The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman.
Speak the truth and shame the devil.
Stars are not seen by sunshine.
Tell me the company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are.
The guilty mind needs no accuser.
There would be no ill language if it were not ill taken.